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Good English.

A LECTURE READ BEFORE THE STUDENTS OF
THE UNIVERSITY, THURSDAY EVENING,
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Every cultivated language, being molded by an intelligent people, accustomed to think, and consequently to speak, with accuracy, must of necessity be rich in synonyms. And the English, being, in great measure, a composite language, is especially favored in this particular; synonyms coming to us, on the one side, from the strong Saxon, and, on the other, from the graceful Latin. As an example of their great number in English, and showing the consequent care needed to use them correctly, it may be stated that to indicate the passion of anger there are no less than thirty words, no two, of course, being exactly equivalent. So that, if one would speak with accuracy concerning this passion, he must consider which one of these thirty varieties of anger he intends to allude to; whether he means, as Webster says: "Anger itself, a feeling of keen displeasure for real or fancied wrong; or indignation, a generous outburst of feeling against what is mean or cruel; or resentment, a moody state of mind, brooding on supposed wrongs with deep and lasting hatred; or wrath, the feeling of one bitterly provoked; or rage, a vehement ebullition of feeling; or fury, an excess of rage, amounting almost to madness; or, in fine, what state of the passion he would refer to.

It may be asked of what use is this excessive refinement of thought and speech. As well ask why it is that the painter employs so many shades of the same color, or so many different tints in his picture; or why it is that in all nature, even more than in art, the forms of things have an almost endless variety, and their parts pass from one to another by insensible and seemingly endless changes of gradation. In all things coming to us from our Creator, including the gift of language, is there this character of endless variety, whispering to us of the infinitude of their origin.

In connection with synonyms, we may speak of an extremely mischievous error on the part of our fastidious friends. Some of these persons, being quite archaic in their tendencies, would have us use none but old Saxon words and idioms, taking Bunyan, or may be Bacon and Shakspeare, or even, perhaps, antique Chaucer, as their standard. Others, possessed of grandiloquent aspirations, will have nothing but fine French and Latin phrases. One set strut along in stiff Saxonisms, proud of their use of common words; while the adverse party march in stately Latinisms, glorying in the employment of vapid sentences and finely rounded periods. Both seem to forget that neither Saxon nor Latin, but the union of both, forms the English language; and that it is English, and not foreign, obsolete or provincial words and constructions that we should aim to use.

Do not, therefore, trouble your head too much to find out whether your language resemble more the German or the French, the Saxon or the Norman, the Teutonic or the Latin, the Gothic or the

Celtic; but see that it is good English, remembering that English, though based on Saxon, is in many respects, both in word and in idiom, a composite language, and that consequently good English will contain words and phrases traceable to different sources. The true rule to follow in the choice of language is, as already stated, first to know precisely what we wish to say, and then take the words that will best convey our meaning, to whatever language they may be traced.

I have spoken, so far, of errors in the choice of words; but we must remember that it is not enough to have the right word, we must also have it in the right place; for the arrangement of words is of quite as much importance as their choice. Here again we meet the fastidious and the careless, the former tormenting their speech with refinements on idiomatic and grammatical phrases and constructions, until their language becomes

"Too good

For human nature's daily food";

while the latter mangle their sentences, until chaos settles down upon them, and their language no more resembles English than does the ruined City of the Prairies resemble the beautiful metropolis whose place it occupies.

A prominent requirement of the fastidious is that all sentences should be constructed after the manner of the period, full, flowing and boldly rounded to the conclusion. This, they declare, is the most harmonious, dignified (and they might add, pompous) arrangement; as if harmony and dignity were the only important qualities of a sentence. Close your sentences, they say, with fine, generous words—no prepositions, adverbs, or puny pronouns being suffered to bring up the rear with dignity and decorum. These are our grandiloquent friends, whom we found before so exceedingly fond of French and Latin expressions; and their requirement in this case is nothing more nor less than that we should put the English into the traces of the Latin and the Greek,—languages for which, it is true, ours has some, but yet very little, affinity. The pompous Latin form of sentence is indeed occasionally very effective in English, especially in elaborate orations; but generally it is not, being opposed to the genius of our more vigorous and pungent northern speech. Much of the terseness, pith and force of our prose and verse is expressed without regard to this requirement; for an adverb or a preposition may in fact be the most prominent word in a sentence, and even in our best oratory you will often hear them come in at the close of the sentence, with the most unassuming but charming and effective simplicity.

Listen to the following, from "Reed's Lectures," and notice how naturally and forcibly the sturdy little prepositions close up the sentences: "Bacon says, 'Houses are built to live in, and not to look on.' 'Revenge is a kind of wild justice, which the more a man's nature runs to, the more ought law to weed it out.' Dr. Donne asks, 'Hath God a name to swear by, a name to curse by, a name to blaspheme by, and hath He no name to pray by?' Burke says, 'The times we live in have been distinguished by extraordinary events.' Franklin

says of an acquaintance, 'He had the best heart of any man I ever met with.' Arnold the historian says, 'Knowledge must be worked for, studied for; and, more than all, it must be prayed for.' And there also: Shakspeare has, "He that's coming must be provided for;" and to the ghost of the murdered thane he makes Macbeth say, "Thou hast no speculation in those eyes which thou dost glare with." And in these lines of Byron's you may perceive at once the lightning and the thunder, "From peak to peak, the rattling crags among, leaps the live thunder." The free life of our tongue will be bound in by no fixed and straining bands, however silken or golden they may be.

Seek then the elegant and forcible idioms of the language, and use them with all freedom, despite the fact that they cannot always be parsed by the grammatical rules of French or Latin. The truth is that too many persons, like Dryden and Milton, try to prove the correctness of their English by showing its similarity to the Latin. It is English we speak, and English authors therefore that we should strive to resemble—Shakspeare, Goldsmith and Burke being fitter models for us than Cicero, Virgil and Horace.

This brings us directly to consider the means by which we may learn to use good English—that is, know what we wish to say, and choose the right words to say it. First, then, how shall we know what we wish to say? Strange, indeed, that one should not know what he wants to say! But it is no less true than strange. Most persons' minds are like that of one who has heard a story and but half remembers it. They know something of what they wish to tell, but for their lives they can not bring it out exactly; that is, not knowing precisely what they wish to say, they, of course cannot say it, but bungle through their half-formed thoughts as best they can. Such language is not, but might very appropriately be styled broken English; for it is English mangled in a most horrible manner.

But how to avoid this deplorable masceration of the offspring of our intellect, how to know what i is we would bring forth from our minds and utter with our lips? There is no means but attention to our thoughts, and honesty in acknowledging to ourselves what these thoughts are found to be. First, then, attention, close attention. Look into the dwelling-place of our own soul, and gaze upon the never-ceasing labors of that tireless spirit. Watch closely and even lovingly, but not with vanity, those beautiful thoughts, the fair and endless but never-changing products of that immortal workman. Seek out the most perfect, before they vanish forever, and let them abide in your memory, mellowing to a richer grace and strength, until the time of your inspiration shall come, and they shall flow forth in harmony, from your lips or your pen, the living embodiment and glory of your genius. If you have not yet looked into this dwelling-place of your immortality, you have a rich treat in store for yourself, a pleasure like unto that of one who has been long absent from his home, and who delays fondly at the window, looking pleasantly in upon the dear ones of his household. Thus gazing upon the beautiful forms in your own mind, you will become familiar with

your mental treasures, and know where and how to find them when you need them.

But attention is not enough, honesty also is required. Do you ask why honesty? Honesty in regard to those we speak with, sincerity towards ourselves, and strict fidelity to the truth itself, are necessary in order to use the language correctly and with effect. Hence it has been well said that eloquence is a virtue, and that no one can be a great orator who is not a good man; hence also Milton, Dante, and the other poets generally have believed themselves directly aided by immortal spirits; and the Romans called their poets and their prophets by the same name, as if both were equally inspired by heaven. No one can speak or write well who does not speak or write the truth as it is in him. If we speak not what we feel, if we express not the living thoughts of our own mind, but try to foist into our speech something we deem more elegant, more pleasing to others, or more politic for ourselves, then woe to our language! it is a dead one; nothing there of "thoughts that breathe and words that burn," nothing there but the withered husks of language,—formal insipidity, dull, dry, lifeless truism and puerilities: truly it is a real death that comes upon our speech, and almost upon our mind itself, so close is the connection between the use of unmeaning words and the gradual decay of thought; and sad as is our fate, we deserve to sink into second childishness before our time, for we have become untruthful persons, saying what we think not, pretending what we feel not, and declaring what we believe not.

Let us then, in the full sense of the words, speak the truth, say what we *have* to say, if we wish to be eloquent; for eloquence, whether of conversation, of composition, or of oratory, is nothing more than persuading others of the truth that is in us. Seek that truth, your own warm, living thoughts, the natural and cultivated product of your own mind and heart, and when you have found it, let us honestly have it, and not something else. Surely it is better to keep silent than to utter any but the truthful sentiments of your own breast. If your thoughts do not seem sufficiently elegant, brilliant or respectable, then cultivate those better thoughts; and when they have taken deep root and borne fruit in your own breast, you may give them forth joyously and abundantly, for they are rightfully yours, the rich harvest of your own toil.

[CONCLUSION NEXT WEEK.]

ERIC; or, Little by Little.

A Tale of Roslyn School.

BY FREDERIC W. FARRAR,
Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge.

PART SECOND.

CHAPTER VII.

THE PIGEONS.

Et motæ ad Lunam trepidabis arundinis umbram.
—*Juv. x, 21.*

"How awfully dull it is, Charlie," said Eric, a few weeks before Easter, as he sat with Wildney in his study one holiday afternoon.

"Yes; too late for football, too early for cricket." And Wildney stretched himself and yawned.

"I suppose this is what they call *ennui*," said Eric again, after a pause. "What's to be done, Sunbeam?"

"You *shan't* call me that, Eric the fair-haired; you *shan't* call me that, so there's an end of it," said Wildney, hitting him on the arm.

"Hush, Charlie, don't call me that either; it is a name that—never mind; only don't—that's a good fellow."

"By the bye, Eric, I've just remembered tomorrow's my birth-day, and I've got a parcel com-

ing this afternoon full of grub from home. Let's go and see if it's come."

"Capital! We will."

So Eric and Wildney started off to the coach-office, where they found the hamper, and ordered it to be brought at once to the school, and carried up to Eric's study.

On opening it they found it rich in dainties, among which were a pair of fowls and a large plum-cake.

"Hurrah!" said Wildney; "you were talking of nothing to do; I vote we have a carouse to-morrow."

"Very well; only let's have it *before* prayers, because we so nearly got caught last time."

"Ay, and let it be in one of the class-rooms. Eric; not up here, lest we have another incursion of the 'Rosebuds.' I shall have to cut preparation, but that don't matter. It's Harley's night, and old Stupid will never twig."

"Well, whom shall we ask?" said Eric.

"Old Llewellyn for one," said Wildney. "We haven't seen him for an age, and he's getting too lazy even for a bit of fun."

"Good; and Graham?" suggested Eric. He and Wildney regarded their possessions so much as common property, that he hadn't the least delicacy in mentioning the boys whom he wanted to invite.

"Yes; Graham's a jolly bird; and Ball?"

"I've no objection; and Pietrie?"

"Well; and your brother Vernon?"

"No!" said Eric, emphatically. "At any rate I won't lead *him* into mischief any more."

"Attlay, then; and what do you say to Book-*ing*?"

"No, again," said Eric; "he's a blackguard."

"I wonder you haven't mentioned Duncan," said Wildney.

"Duncan! why, my dear child, you might as well ask Owen, or even old Rose at once. Bless you, Charlie, he's a great deal too correct to come now."

"Well, we've got six already; that's quite enough."

"Yes; but two fowls isn't enough for six hungry boys."

"No it isn't," said Wildney. He thought a little, and then, clapping his hands, danced about, and said, "Are you game for a *regular* lark, Eric?"

"Yes, anything to make it less dull. I declare I've nearly been taking to work again to fill up the time."

Eric often talked now of work in this slighting way, partly as an excuse for the low places in form to which he was gradually sinking. Everybody knew that had he properly exerted his abilities he was capable of beating almost any boy; so, to quiet his conscience, he professed to ridicule diligence as an unboyish piece of muffishness, and was never slow to sneer at the "grinders," as he contemptuously called all those who laid themselves out to win school distinctions.

"Ha, ha!" said Wildney, "that's rather good! No, Eric, it's too late for you to turn 'grinder' now. I might as well think of doing it myself, and I've never been higher than five from lag in my form yet."

"Haven't you? But what's the regular lark you hinted at?"

"First of all, I hope you won't think the *lark* less larkly because it's connected with *pigeons*," said Wildney.

"Ridiculous little Sphinx! What do you mean?"

"Why, we'll go and seize the Gordonites' *pigeons*, and make another dish of them."

"Seize the Gordonites' pigeons! Why, when do you mean?"

"To-night."

Eric gave a long whistle. "But wouldn't it be *st—st—st*?"

"Stealing?" said Wildney, with a loud laugh.

"Pooh! *convey* the wise it call."

But Eric still looked serious. "Why, my dear old boy," continued Wildney, "the Gordonites'll be the first to laugh at the trick when we tell them of it next morning, as of course we will do. There now, don't look grumpy. I shall cut away and arrange it with Graham, and tell you the whole dodge ready prepared to-night at bed-time."

After lights were put out, Wildney came up to the study according to promise, and threw out hints about the proposed plan. He didn't tell it plainly, because Duncan was there, but Duncan caught quite enough to guess that some night-excursion was intended, and said, when Wildney had gone:

"Take my advice, and have nothing to do with this, Eric."

Eric had grown very touchy lately about advice, particularly from any fellow of his own standing; and after the checks he had recently received, a coolness had sprung up between him and nearly all the study-boys, which made him more than ever inclined to assert his independence, and defy and thwart them in every way.

"Keep your advice to yourself, Duncan, till it's asked for," he answered roughly. "You've done nothing but *advise* lately, and I'm rather sick of it."

"*Comme vous voulez*," replied Duncan with a shrug. "Gang your own gait; I'll have nothing more to do with trying to stop you, since you *will* ruin yourself."

Nothing more was said in the study that evening, and when Eric went down he didn't even bid Duncan good-night.

"Charlie," he said, as he stole on tiptoe into Wildney's dormitory.

"Hush!" whispered Wildney, "the other fellows are asleep. Come and sit by my bedside, and I'll tell you what we're going to do."

Eric went and sat by him, and he sat up in his bed. "First of all, *you're* to keep awake till twelve to-night," he whispered; "old Rowley'll have gone round by that time, and it'll be all safe. Then come and awake me again, and I'll watch till one, Pietrie till two, and Graham till three. Then Graham'll awake us all and we'll dress."

"Very well. But how will you get the key of the lavatory?"

"Oh I'll manage that," said Wildney, chuckling. "But come again and wake me at twelve, will you?"

Eric went to his room and lay down, but he didn't take off his clothes, for fear he should go to sleep. Dr. Rowlands came round as usual at eleven, and then Eric closed his eyes for a few minutes, till the head master had disappeared. After that he lay awake thinking for an hour, but his thoughts weren't very pleasant.

At twelve he went and awoke Wildney.

"I don't feel very sleepy. Shall I sit with you for your hour, Charlie?"

"Oh, do! I should like it of all things. But douse the glim there; we shan't want it, and it might give the alarm."

"All right."

So Eric went and sat by his dangerous little friend, and they talked in low voice until they heard the great school clock strike one. They then awoke Pietrie, and Eric went off to bed again.

At three Graham awoke him, and dressing hastily, he joined the others in the lavatory.

"Now I'm going to get the key," said Wildney, "and mean to have a bad stomach-ache for the purpose."

Laughing quietly, he went up to the door of Mr. Harley's bed-room, which opened out of the lavatory, and knocked.

No answer.

He knocked a little louder.

Still no answer.

Louder still.

"Bother the fellow," said Wildney; "he sleeps

like a grampus. Won't one of you try to awake him?"

"No," said Graham; "'taint dignified for fifth-form boys to have stomach-aches."

"Well, I must try again." But it seemed no use knocking, and Wildney at last, in a fit of impatience, thumped a regular tattoo on the bed-room door.

"Who's there?" said the startled voice of Mr. Harley.

"Only me, sir!" answered Wildney, in a mild and innocent way.

"What do you want?"

"Please, sir, I want the key of the lavatory. I'm indisposed," said Wildney again, in a tone of such disciplined suavity that the others shook with laughing.

Mr. Harley opened the door about an inch, and peered out suspiciously.

"Oh, well, you must go and awake Mr. Rose. I don't happen to have the key to-night." And so saying, he shut the door.

"Phew! Here's a go!" said Wildney, recovering immediately. "It'll never do to awake old Rose. He'd smell a rat in no time."

"I have it," said Pietrie. "I've got an old nail, with which I believe I can open the lock quite simply. Let's try."

"Quietly and quick then," said Eric.

In ten minutes he had silently shot back the lock with the old nail, and the boys were on the landing. They carried their shoes in their hands, ran noiselessly down stairs, and went to the same window at which Eric and Wildney had got out before. Wildney had taken care beforehand to break the pane and move away the glass, so they had only to loosen the bar and slip through one by one.

It was cold and very dark, and, as on the March morning they stood out in the play-ground, all four would rather have been safely and harmlessly in bed. But the novelty and the excitement of the enterprise bore them up, and they started off quickly for the house at which Mr. Gordon and his pupils lived, which was about half a mile from the school. They went arm in arm to assure each other a little, for at first in their fright they were inclined to take every post and tree for a man in ambush, and hear a recalling voice in every sound of cold wind and murmuring wave.

Not far from Mr. Gordon's was a carpenter's shop, and outside of this there was generally a ladder standing. They had arranged to carry this ladder with them (as it was only a short one), climb the low garden wall with it, and then place it against the house, immediately under the dovecot which hung by the first-story windows. Wildney, as the lightest of the four, was to take the birds, while the others held the ladder.

Slanting it so that it should be as far from the side of the window as possible, Wildney ascended and thrust both hands into the cot. He succeeded in seizing a pigeon with each hand, but in doing so threw the other birds into a state of such alarm that they fluttered about in the wildest manner, and the moment his hands were withdrawn, flew out with a great flapping of hurried wings.

The noise they made alarmed the plunderer, and he hurried down the ladder as fast as he could. He handed the pigeons to the others, who instantly wrung their necks.

"I'm nearly sure I heard somebody stir," said Wildney; "we haven't been half quiet enough. Here! let's crouch down in this corner."

All four shrank up as close to the wall as they could, and held their breath. Some one was certainly stirring, and at last they heard the window open.

A head was thrust out, and Mr. Gordon's voice asked sternly—"Who's there?"

He seemed at once to have caught sight of the ladder, and made an endeavor to reach it; but

though he stretched out his arm at full length, he could not manage to do so.

"We must cut for it," said Eric; "it's quite too dark for him to see who we are, or even to notice that we are boys."

They moved the ladder to the wall, and sprang over, one after the other, as fast as they could. Eric was last, and just as he got to the top of the wall he heard the back door open, and some one run out into the yard.

"Run for your lives," said Eric, hurriedly; "it's Gordon, and he's raising the alarm."

They heard footsteps following them, and an occasional shout of "Thieves! thieves!"

"We must separate and run different ways, or we've no chance of escape. We'd better turn towards the town to put them off the right scent," said Eric again.

"Don't leave me," pleaded Wildney; "you know I can't run very fast."

"No, Charlie, I won't," and, grasping his hand, Eric hurried him over the stile and through the fields as fast as he could, while Pietrie and Graham took the opposite direction.

Some one (they did not know who it was, but suspected it to be Mr. Gordon's servant-man) was running after them, and they could distinctly hear his footsteps, which seemed to be half a field distant. He carried a light, and they heard him panting. They were themselves tired, and in the utmost trepidation; the usually courageous Wildney was trembling all over, and his fear communicated itself to Eric. Horrible visions of a trial for burglary, imprisonment in the castle jail, and perhaps transportation, presented themselves to their excited imaginations, as the sound of the footsteps came nearer and nearer.

"I can't run any further, Eric," said Wildney. "What shall we do? don't leave me, for heaven's sake."

"Not I, Charlie. We must hide the minute we get t'other side of this hedge."

They scrambled over the gate, and plunged into the thickest part of a plantation close by, lying down on the ground behind some bushes, and keeping as still as they possibly could, taking care to cover over their white collars.

The pursuer reached the gate, and no longer hearing footsteps in front of him, he paused. He went a little distance up the hedge on both sides, and held up his light, but did not detect the cowering boys, and at last giving up the search in despair, went slowly home. They heard him plodding back over the field, and it was not until the sound of his footsteps had died away that Eric cautiously broke cover, and looked over the hedge. He saw the man's light gradually getting more distant, and said, "All right now, Charlie." "We must make the best of our way home."

"Are you sure he's gone?" said Wildney, who had not yet recovered from his fright.

"Quite; come along. I only hope Pietrie and Graham ain't caught."

They got back about half-past four, and climbed in unheard and undetected through the window pane. They then stole upstairs with beating hearts, and sat in Eric's room to wait for the other two. To their great relief they heard them enter the lavatory about ten minutes after.

"Were you twigg'd?" asked Wildney eagerly.

"No," said Graham; "precious near it though. Old Gordon and some men were after us, but at last we doubled rather neatly, and escaped them. It's all serene, and we shan't be caught. But it's a precious long time before I run such a risk again for a brace of rubbishing pigeons."

"Well, we'd best to bed now," said Eric; "and to my thinking, we should be wise to keep a quiet tongue in our heads about this affair."

"Yes, we had better tell no one." They agreed, and went off to bed again. So, next morning, they all four got up quite as if nothing had hap-

pened, and made no allusion to the preceding night, although they could not help chuckling inwardly a little when the Gordonites came to morning school, brimful of a story about their house having been attacked in the night by thieves, who, after bagging some pigeons, had been chevied by Gordon and the servants. Wildney professed immense interest in the incident, and asked many questions, which showed that there was not a shadow of suspicion in any one's mind as to the real culprits.

Carter, the school servant, didn't seem to have noticed that the lavatory door was unlocked; and Mr. Harley never alluded again to his disturbance in the night. So the theft of the pigeons remained undiscovered, and remains so till this day. If any old Roslyn boy reads this veracious history, he will doubtless be astounded to hear that the burglars on that memorable night were Eric, Pietrie, Graham, and Wildney.

An Irish Race-Course and Race.

While reading a morning paper, in a small town in Ireland called Bruff, I noticed an advertisement which informed the public that "The great annual races on the Ballycorree race-course, situated at Ennis, County Clare, would take place on the 22d and 23rd of August, under the patronage of the Right Honorable Earl of Adair."

Very desirous of seeing an Irish race, and having heard that this course was one of the best and most famous in the country, I concluded to go. I was confirmed in my decision by meeting three congenial, though newly formed, acquaintances. During the rest of the day I made the few necessary arrangements, and before retiring I told the porter to wake me up and have my breakfast ready, so I could make the Limerick coach. I also engaged the outside seat beside the driver.

Early next morning I was awakened by the porter. Hastily making my toilet, I descended to the dining-room, where my friends had also assembled. During the customary table-talk, one of my companions, by name Harry Croaker, told me that a famous race-horse of his, whose name was Aster, was entered for the grand purse, and he advised me, if I wished to bet, to bet on him.

We soon dispatched our breakfast, and, stepping out, took our engaged seats on the vehicle that was to carry us to the famous city of Limerick. The coach was crowded, and, as the driver could always find place for another, before we reached Limerick, instead of thirty-seven, the regular number, there were forty on board. Although my companions and myself were comfortable, I could not but pity the other passengers jammed together like cattle in a crowded car, no one being able to move without receiving a malediction for stepping on the favorite corn of somebody else.

But we are off, and after a long drive in the cold, bracing air of the early morning, arrive in time to take the latest excursion train for Ennis. Getting third-class tickets, all the first and second-class being sold, we entered a low, narrow car already crowded, and by no means improved by our presence. But we, by giving the guard a half-crown, procured seats, and enjoyed the talk of two gentlemen of the sporting fraternity, who said that Croaker did not intend to let his horse win, and consequently they intended to bet on the "Widow." Though the distance was but twenty miles, it took four hours to get there. At last we arrived at Ennis, and after dinner proceeded to the race-course.

Perhaps some of my fellow-students have not seen an Irish race-course, so I will attempt to describe one: As races are gotten up in Ireland not for money but for the amusement of the people, the entrance fee was nothing, which an officious person told me would be reduced one-half

next year. To come back to the subject, the race-courses in Ireland are not well-beaten tracks as in this country, but the races are run over the common country, intercepted with large artificial ditches and high stone walls.

The Ballycorree courses had seven double walls and ditches; a race was four times around the course. The largest ditch was on the side of a hill; the wall was twelve feet high, with a double ditch ten feet wide. There was a large crowd, the lowest estimate of which could not be less than ten thousand.

The accommodation for sitting was very poor, the most of the people being allowed to take reserved seats on the ground. There was, however, a small space of ground upon which a grand stand had been erected, but no one except those belonging to the gentry were admitted. Luckily I was in company with some of that class, and on the strength of that was admitted to the grand stand.

This was the day for which the County Clare and surrounding counties had been waiting for the last two months; so the whole country turned out in gayest attire. It was a curious and picturesque sight to see the different colors of the rainbow fantastically arranged on one person. No two things of the same color could be seen on any person,—even the two stockings were of different colors.

About two o'clock the bell rang for the first race: immediately afterwards eleven horses were at the scoring place. They were of a different kind to any that I have ever seen in America, being slighter in bulk but stronger in the limb than the generality of American race-horses. Their broad chest and noble head showed that they possessed the power of endurance and long-continued racing in the highest degree.

Away they start,—now they are at the first ditch,—up they rise,—three are thrown,—away speed the rest. Now they come to the second ditch,—up they rise,—one is thrown,—away speed the rest amid the loud huzzas of the concourse. But all is still as they approach the big ditch; now they are at it,—up they rise,—all are thrown except the two leaders,—there is a rush for the big ditch as the report goes around that two jockeys are killed; hurrying towards the place, what is the amazement of all to find that the best "jock" in Ireland, a young, married man, named Boylan, is killed. He and the rest are hurried off, so the course will be clear for the horses as they come around again.

The two left are old runners, and, as they take fence after fence, the terrible accident is more and more forgotten. But the horses are on their last turn, when one of them named Aster, belonging to my friend Croaker, leaves the other behind and comes home an easy winner.

The races in this country are totally different from those of England and Ireland, of Ireland especially, there being only one flat course in the country, namely the Currah of Kildare. It seems, from what I saw, that flat racing is held in great disrepute in Ireland. They consider any horse may make a good flat race, but few are extra on the steeple-chase course. Perhaps more depends on the rider than on the horse himself, inasmuch as the rider has to raise his horse at the right time; if he raises him a moment too soon or a moment too late, he endangers not only the life of his horse but also his own.

After witnessing a few more races, which time or space will not allow me to describe, I left the course.

DENIS J. HOGAN.

"Ah, Jemmy," said a sympathizing friend to a man who was just too late for the train, "you did not run fast enough."

"Yes I did," said Jemmy; "but I didn't start soon enough."

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The Twenty-Second.

The Students of Notre Dame celebrated the Anniversary of Washington's Birthday in their usual splendid manner. We do not pretend to give an account of the evening entertainment, as we leave that pleasant duty to other pens more capable of entering into all the niceties of the exhibition.

Quite a number of our friends from the neighborhood graced the Hall with their presence, among whom we noticed Rev. Henry Brown, of Ravenna, Rev. J. Carroll, of Fremont, Ohio; Rev. J. Frère, of St. Vincent's; A. Anderson and lady; A. Beal, of the *Register*, and his lady; Messrs. Crockett, Banning and Smith, of the *South Bend Tribune*; Mrs. McMahon, Miss Nora McMahon, Miss Walsh, Mr. Charles Lacrosse, J. H. Pulling and lady, W. Cushing, J. Chirhart and lady, Mr. Woodside and Miss Pulling, Mr. Harvey and Miss Woodside, Mr. Sherrick, of Ohio, and Miss Shively.

The Hall was crowded, and some who arrived late could scarcely find good places.

The Band came out in greater force than it had brought on this year. The tunes were well selected and well played.

The Orchestra, composed of Juniors, discoursed some lively music between the acts of the Tragedy.

The play was "Damon and Pythias," modified so as to be played without female characters. We cannot say too much in commendation of the efforts of the Thespian Society to give an entertainment worthy of Notre Dame; that their efforts were crowned with complete success was the unanimous verdict of the audience. We have not time to notice the acting of the Students who took part in the play. Due justice will be done them in our next issue. We limit our remarks to a well-merited commendation of Messrs. Moriarty, O'Mahony and Darr. We owe them this mention to the fact that their rôles were more difficult than the others, and required more study on their part to appreciate them and act them.

The after-piece, "The Irish Tutor," also modified for college boards, put the audience in excellent laughing humor, and we doubt not all slept well on their return home.

We have reserved for the last the oration of the evening, delivered by Mr. M. H. Keeley. Mr. Keeley is a pleasing speaker,—he makes good use of an excellent voice, and his gestures were in harmony with the sentiments he expressed. The oration itself was well composed, and the tone worthy of a Christian American. Unfortunately, the late arrival of a number of persons annoyed the speaker in the midst of his oration. It is to be regretted that such disturbances cannot be prevented.

But, despite the inevitable drawbacks, the exhibition of the Thespians in honor of Washington was a complete success.

We are rejoiced to see that the sojourn of Rev. Father Brown in the Buckeye State has done him a world of good, and that though his health is not altogether restored, it has received an impetus that will make him all right in the course of a few months.

We have received the *Yale Naught-ical Almanac* for 1872.

SEVERAL of our friends arrived from Chicago too late for the exhibition. We hope that the next time Mr. McMahon and Willie Walsh will be on time.

REV. J. CARROLL, an old student, now Pastor of Fremont, and Rev. Henry Brown, Pastor of Ravenna, O., arrived here on the 21st in company with the Rev. Father M. Brown.

WE hear, with rejoicing heart and eager anticipation of what is to come, that a newspaper is to be started at Notre Dame. The more the merrier. Is the Doctor the local, and Dave the chef?

WE took a sleigh-ride—perhaps the last of the season—with our young friend Denis Hogan, and the way he conducted the iron-grey steed demonstrated that what he knows about race-courses is not confined to theory.

THE *Trumpet* blew a delicious blast last Sunday. Several of the articles—one in particular—were very good.

We acknowledge the *is*, and point the finger of re-proof at our proof-reader.

OUR "pup" was pursuing his philosophical course through the grove on the academic grounds of the Scholasticate, when he was interrupted in his cogitations by meeting two worthy learned gentlemen, one of whom he succeeded in putting into bodily fear for his boots. They have made up.

OUR "pup," a canine of considerable consequence, taking a retrospective view of him, is creating quite a commotion. As he was passing through the lower hall, and the classes were descending to the study-halls, another puppy began barking at him, whereat he was by no means elated.

WE have received an invitation from W. Corby, S.S.C., President of the University, to attend an evening's entertainment to be given at the Notre Dame University on the evening of the 21st, in honor of Washington's birth-day. We regret that business engagements will prevent our attending.—*South Bend Union*.

REV. FATHER FRERE enlivened our sanctum with his beaming countenance and cheerful chat. We hope his short stay with us was pleasant, and regret he could not tarry longer. His sojourn was altogether too short; we had hoped he would remain until the leaves and things had bursted in full spring beauty. But such is life. Some stay, and some don't.

WASHINGTON's birthday was celebrated at Saint Mary's in the usual felicitous style. The "Star Spangled Banner," and the "Red, White and Blue," were enthusiastically and withal sweetly sung. The Plays were well rendered, and the several Solos and Duets were received with applause. We understand, however, that the real celebration of the day has been postponed on account of Lent. We like the transfer. On Easter Tuesday the 22d of February will be recalled.

MR. JAMES REMINGTON, one of the most amiable, good-humored, and obliging conductors on the L. S. & M. S. R. R., is still on the road, and rendering the trip to Chicago agreeable to the way-worn travellers from the East, and receiving with gracious mien all who get on his train at South Bend.

A false report, the result of a telegram from New York, had it that Mr. Remington had been at Fifth Avenue Hotel, had gone out and was missing; whereas at the date mentioned he was on his train.

THE late number of the *Trumpet* sounded sweetly to our ears. The year 1871 received a befitting *In memoriam* which will be read years to come, if the *Trumpet* is kept on file, with as much emotion as it was listened to on the day of publication. The article contains a just tribute to the young ladies of '71,—though, be it remarked, several were young ladies of 17. The Will was very well. The poetry was excellent—besides some very good rhymes. The criticisms were excellent, well placed, and with just spice enough to make them palatable.

If we are not right in the following local, we are not too proud to receive correction. The St. Cecilians, for whom we have a tender regard, and in whom we take a heap of interest—their capital is large—intend publishing a paper. The name of the infant journal has not been determined upon. The editorial staff is a strong one. D. Wile is Editor-in-Chief; Doctor McHugh, City Editor; D. Hogan, Literary Editor; C. Hutchings, Musical Editor; and J. Hogan takes the historical department.

If the above be not the correct list, it ought to be,—along with a few more names we could mention, for the other departments of the paper. We wish them the most complete success, and as much pleasure as used to be enjoyed in getting up the *Progress*,—and in this regard, to use an expression we heard last Sunday evening, we know how it is ourself.

Additional Entrances.

Thomas H. Jones,	Grayson, Kentucky.
James A. Murphy,	Tyler, Texas.
Martin O'Day,	Notre Dame, Indiana.
Patrick O'Bryan,	Chicago, Illinois.
Willie A. Lyons,	Bertrand, Michigan.
Joseph Campbell,	Lacon, Illinois.
David J. Wile,	Laporte, Indiana.
Joseph P. Deehan,	Philadelphia, Pa.
James Clark,	Lafayette, Indiana.
James Dwyer,	Ottawa, Illinois.
Thomas Gibbs,	Fort Wayne, Indiana.
Daniel O'Brien,	Philadelphia, Pa.
Richard Dougherty,	Philadelphia, Pa.
John Warner,	Berrien, Michigan.
Charles A. Case,	Berrien, Michigan.
Edward Maley,	Salem Crossing, Indiana.
John O'Neil,	Chicago, Illinois.
F. Brady,	Philadelphia, Pa.
John Maley,	Salem Crossing, Indiana.
Hugh Deehan,	Philadelphia, Pa.
John Deehan,	Philadelphia, Pa.
C. D. F. McKinnon,	Chicago, Illinois.

Tables of Honor.

SENIOR DEPARTMENT.

February 9.—T. Renshaw, N. Mitchell, P. White, J. B. Zimmer, J. McGlynn, V. Bacca, T. Phillips, J. Darmody, S. Valdez, T. Ireland.

February 16.—J. McAlister, J. C. Howe, F. Lefingwell, J. Smarr, C. Hodgson, D. Maloney, J. M. Rourke, J. Noonan, T. Murphy, D. F. Gahan.

JUNIOR DEPARTMENT.

February 9.—F. Arantz, W. Breen, W. Dodge, E. Edwards, R. Hutchings, L. Hibben, J. Juiff, G. J. Roulac, M. Mahoney, E. Monahan.

February 16.—J. Caren, W. Canavan, J. Devine, C. Dodge, G. Gerew, D. Hogan, E. Halpin, J. Kilcoin, J. Leubke, J. Rumely.

D. A. C., Sec.

MINIM DEPARTMENT.

February 10.—H. Faxon, F. Huck, E. Cleary, P. Gall, S. McMahon, W. Dee.

THE voice of a Pennsylvania *prima donna* is described as "six octaves above the screech of a lost Indian."

Honorable Mentions.

MINIM DEPARTMENT.

Grammar (1st Class)—E. DeGroot, H. Faxon, A. Morton, E. Raymond, P. Gall, M. Farnbaker, T. Nelson.

Second Class—C. Faxon, W. Dee, E. McMahon, Geo. Voelker, C. Clarke, W. Edgell.

What Shall Our Children Read?

We have now such a number and variety of Children's papers and magazines for Catholic youth, that the tastes of all are sure to be met by one or other of them. There is absolutely no excuse left for the presence in Catholic families of periodicals injurious to faith or morals, nor for the absence of Catholic magazines; neither can parents escape just censure whose homes are left destitute of such useful aids in training the young.

While it is so easy to procure either *The Young Catholic's Guide*, of Chicago; *The Guardian Angel*, of Philadelphia; *THE YOUNG CRUSADER*, of Boston; *The Little Schoolmate*, of New York; *The Catholic Child's Sunday Companion*, of Baltimore; *The Young Catholic*, of New York, or the *Sunday School Companion* of Chicago, it is painful to see the license which some parents allow their children of reading anything and everything that may fall into their hands. Nearly all of the papers above named are handsomely illustrated, and each has its own special merit. The youths' magazine that seems to us to combine the greatest number of good qualities is *THE YOUNG CRUSADER*. It has the great merit of giving at a very small price such a quantity and variety of interesting and edifying reading as would almost by itself suffice to fill up all the time that children should be allowed to devote to such reading. *THE YOUNG CRUSADER* furnishes reading sufficiently interesting to entertain the young during an occasional leisure hour, without being of that absorbing or sensational character which would draw them away from their studies and make their ordinary duties distasteful to them. It can therefore be safely introduced into the school and the family. It aims to strengthen the faith, to improve the mind, and to purify the heart; and its lessons are conveyed in such a pleasing form that they are sure to be read. That it will always give safe reading is guaranteed by the fact that it is edited by a clergyman.

The subscription for twelve months is only one dollar, which may be sent to the editor, Rev. WILLIAM BYRNE, Boston, Mass., or given to any Catholic bookseller. If you want to see a specimen before subscribing, inclose a postage-stamp in a letter to the editor and you may be sure of having one by return of mail.

The Archconfraternity.

NOTRE DAME, February 19, 1872.

Mr. Editor:

In answer to the sarcastic question contained in your issue of the 15th inst., "Is the Archconfraternity alive?" I will relieve your anxiety by answering that it is *alive*, and enjoying good health.

You seem to labor under the impression that it is either dying or dead, from the fact that you do not receive any reports from it. As well might you conclude that there is no such a body as the College Faculty, because they do not see proper to publish the proceedings of their meetings. Perhaps you think we are a "thing" of the past, because our "mythical" secretary does not entertain your readers with a report of a feast with its appendages in the shape of toasts and speeches. The Archconfraternity is composed of members who are under the impression that its existence does not depend in sounding their own praises in long and neatly worded reports. They leave that

field to those Societies who wish to hear the sound of their own horns. You say, "There was a time when the Archconfraternity was the pride of Notre Dame." If it is not her pride at the present day, it must be that she is becoming vitiated in her taste, or that she has turned her face from the Archconfraternity to smile upon the Thespians and the Literary Societies. For notwithstanding the greatness of the Archconfraternity in former times, the members of the present day do not fear that they will suffer by any comparison that can be made between them and the members of the past.

The members observe the rules of the Society; they possess a good library; they hold regular meetings, at which they receive counsel from their Director, and compositions are read. It is also remarked that the Rev. Prefect of Discipline is not called on to give them his official attention. To give exhibitions is not their object, but if their superiors wish them to lend their assistance towards any College entertainment they need but intimate their desire. If there is anything else expected from them, why not inform them and not make them the subject of ill-natured remarks?

A MEMBER.

Which we rise to explain.

It is truly wonderful, when looked at from an editorial point of view, that very good folk let their little passions rise on the least provocation.

We were not sarcastic in our inquiry about the Archconfraternity. We were simply in earnest. We find a great difference between perfect silence both as to officers and doings of the Society, and the other extreme of going extensively into the toast business. A Society to be of any influence must be known, and though humility is a great virtue it can be practised without shutting yourselves up as if you were afraid or ashamed. Where is your badge? Where are your members at such times as the Forty Hours' Devotion?

We are glad to see that the members "of the present" have a proper opinion of their ability, and that the A Member feels himself conscientiously permitted to state that "they do not fear that they will suffer by any comparison that can be made between them and the members of the past." We do not wish them to suffer,—on the contrary, quite the reverse. Does not the sentence quoted, though, smell a little bit like toast?

We are rejoiced to know that the Archconfraternity is doing so well; and may it ever prosper. Still there is such a thing as hiding one's light under a bushel; and when that is done for such a length of time as the Archconfraternity has successfully performed the operation, the bushel should be taken off gradually.

MYTHICAL CORRESPONDENCE.

Mr. Editor:

Considering the tendencies of the world of today, the selfish interest which seems to actuate man's every action, even those which a holier and more noble aspiration should incite; to be unheard of for a time is to be forgotten, to keep aloof from the routine of worldly affairs is almost similar in its consequences to the departure from the world, so little of true unselfish love yet remains in the heart of poor deluded man for bestowal upon his fellow-creatures.

Self-comfort and self-aggrandizement are his highest aims. Little he cares from what source or by what means they are attained, even though through the humiliation or degradation of others. So much for the majority, and alas, a great majority of mankind! Brotherly love to them is a myth. It may serve as a topic for conversation, but thus far and no further does it extend its influence.

Exceptions, 'tis true, may be found to this general rule—but unfortunately they are few and far between. Like oases in the desert, they but barely serve the purpose of breaking the monotonous barrenness; like oases, too, do they bring joy to, and

enlighten the hardships of, the weary traveller on life's long and tempestuous journey. Such a purpose do they serve, and pleased we are at Notre Dame, living in the very centre of one of these verdant places seldom found throughout humanity's vast domain. In premising these remarks, we wish to convey the idea that we recognize the Society's loving friend in him who so earnestly wishes to be enlightened as to whether there still exists at Notre Dame a society once, as he says, her pride, but which now, owing to the long silence which, it seems, has held her members enchained, is even considered an existence of the past.

In regard to the Archconfraternity, let it be known that it still exists as in days of yore; that, as in those days, it now numbers as its members the *dite* of the Senior Students; and further, that whether taken individually or collectively, they manifest as great a desire for the promotion of the glory of God and the practice of His holy religion as they did in those golden days mentioned in the annals of Notre Dame.

However, in regard to its *mythical* secretary having *never* reported the proceedings of its regular monthly meetings, there is a slight mistake.

If at present the Archconfraternity is not the pride of Notre Dame, surely it is not owing to any lack of energy on the part of its members, nor to the fact that the Literary Societies are in any way detrimental to its prosperity, for such is not the case; and moreover we contend that our *Alma Mater* ever places first in her catalogue of societies that one first founded within her walls, and which as to members, active or honorary, can claim the most illustrious of her students.

That Society is the time-honored, most noble-aimed Archconfraternity, and I consider it an honor to be able to sign myself even its

"MYTHICAL" SECRETARY.

Of course there can be no antagonism between literary societies and religious ones. It is well known that the best members of the religious societies are among the best members of the literary ones, and that they thereby do their duty as good Students.

We by no means wish the Archconfraternity to rush into print for their own glorification, and to tell *all* the good they do; but we do wish, for the honor of the College, that they give some sign of life. In years to come, those who read the SCHOLASTIC of the present year would not suppose there was such a society in the College this year, had we not thrown a little pebble into the placid—if not stagnant—waters of the Society, and raised the present pleasant ripple.

The "American Elocutionist."

YPSILANTI, MICHIGAN, Feb. 9, 1872.

J. A. LYONS, A.M., Professor in University Notre Dame:

MY DEAR SIR: Permit me to thank you for your excellent book, "The American Elocutionist and Dramatic Reader." In education, as in business, *competition is the life, etc.* I welcome your work to the field where so much help is needed. The introduction is good; the illustrations truthful and artistic; the selections new, varied and valuable; and the publisher has harmonized all by his good taste in getting the work out. I am sure your "Elocutionist" will find its way as a text-book wherever scholars assemble to form themselves for their life work. I shall take pleasure in using it in my classes, until the plates of my two books (destroyed in the Chicago fire) are restored, and long afterwards, I presume, from the force of a good habit. Since my first visit to Notre Dame University in 1868, I have known of your great interest in reading and elocution, and am not surprised at this result of your ripe experience.

Ever truly, yours,

ALLEN A. GRIFFITH.

Sodality of the Holy Angels.

At a meeting of the Holy Angels' Sodality, held Feb. 14, 1872, W. P. Breen was elected Assistant Librarian, in the place of W. Kelly, resigned. The following persons were elected members: W. Campbell, J. Kaufmann, D. Jocquel, H. Heckert and W. Canavan. There are now eighteen members in the Sodality.

JOS. RUMELY, Secretary.

St. Edward's Literary Association.

On the evening of the 13th inst. the St. Edward's Literary Association held its second regular meeting, at which the following question was debated:

Resolved, "That the Printing Press has done more to advance Civilization than the Mariner's Compass."

The meeting was an extraordinarily interesting one. All the members seemed deeply interested in the discussion throughout, and we may here add that it was the best debate we have heard for many a day.

Thos. Watson opened the debate in behalf of the affirmative with a very flowery speech, in which he manifested that he had paid considerable attention to the subject and had spared no pains in searching up the correct history of the Printing Press. Mr. Watson possesses all the requisites for a good debater. He is an excellent composer, a fine speaker, and a sound reasoner. He was succeeded by Thos. J. Murphy, who nobly defended the negative. His arguments were spicy and well-founded, displaying to a great extent the vim and ardor which this young gentleman possesses. Mr. Murphy depicted in fine colors the workings of the Compass for the past few centuries, during which time civilization has increased so rapidly. Judging from the present, we can predict for this young gentleman a brilliant career in future.

James E. Hogan, second speaker on the affirmative, had a lengthy and well-written discourse, in which he not only recapitulated what his colleague had said, but also advanced several strong arguments. He is a pleasing writer and has a fine delivery, which, with practice, will make him an excellent debater. We must give him credit for the manner in which he refuted the arguments of his opponent, and for so gallantly defending the Press from the "slurs" of its enemies.

J. T. Smarr, as second speaker on the negative, proved to be of great assistance to his side of the question. He had several good arguments, and brought them out gloriously, with not only honor to himself but also credit to the Society.

On this debate, T. F. O'Mahony and N. S. Mitchell volunteered in behalf of the affirmative, and M. H. Keeley and W. J. Clarke in behalf of the negative. The president stated that he was highly pleased with the manner in which the debate was carried on, and that the subject was quite exhausted by those who handled it. He declared that the sides were so well balanced that it was almost impossible to render a decision. However, he stated that should he give any decision it would be in favor of the affirmative.

All then retired, well pleased with the evening's entertainment and the bursts of eloquence which they had heard during the few hours spent in the St. Edward's meeting room.

W. J. CLARKE, Cor. Sec.

An old gentleman who was in the habit of prefixing "I say" to every sentence to which he gave utterance, having heard that his man-servant mimicked him, thus addressed the ill-behaved domestic when he met him: "I say, John, they say that you say that I say 'I say'; and if I do say 'I say,' that's no reason why you should say I say 'I say,' John."

Juanita Base-Ball Club.

The above named Club held its first regular meeting on Wednesday, the 14th inst. The object of the meeting was the election of officers for the ensuing base-ball season. Mr. T. F. O'Mahony was called to the chair, and the election was proceeded with, resulting as follows:

Director—Bro. Marcellinus.

President—T. F. O'Mahony.

Recording Secretary—P. J. O'Connell.

Corresponding Secretary—D. E. Maloney.

Treasurer—J. C. Howe.

Censor—D. T. Gahan.

It would seem almost unnecessary to explain to the readers of the SCHOLASTIC why we should undertake the task of reorganizing the once champion Base-Ball Club of Notre Dame. In thinking upon the subject, I have come to this conclusion: that as the Juanitas held the championship for a number of years, I see nothing to prevent it from holding the same for at least another. No one will think for a moment that, with such men as we have at our head, it can possibly be a failure; and it is partially with their aid, and some exertion on our part, that we hope to regain lost laurels.

D. E. MALONEY, Cor. Sec.

Ego et Me.

The egotist is met in all ranks of society, the learned as well as the unlettered. In fact we are all more or less tinctured with egotism; why such is the case we leave to moralists and philosophers to determine; we merely take the fact as we find it.

It is a vice that takes complete possession of us much easier than any other, and, unless we are constantly on our guard, it will crop out and display its ugly head in times and at places the most unexpected.

The only effectual way to resist the temptation of becoming egotistical is to observe how odious it is in others, how the egotist is the subject of pity and contempt—pity, that a person amiable in other respects cannot comprehend that he is merely an individual, and that the world is not depending on him or his opinions, and that it could get along just as well if neither of them had ever existed, and that when he leaves this world to become an angel the void he makes will never be observed.

It would seem that the egotist is profoundly impressed with the idea that his opinions are the only fit subject for the contemplation of man. When will he realize the fact that many of the opinions that he is everlastingly harping on are held by others with him, have been held by others before him, and will be held when he has become food for the worm. Who has not been disgusted, nay, even been driven almost to desperation, by the incessant hissing in his ears of "said I" and "says I," and "said I" and "said I," and "I say." Why "the chills" is but a gentle soothing movement of the body when compared to the grating and rasping the nerves must endure from the little "I say's" and "says I's" that pop out of the egotist.

The egotist cannot be silenced if you meet him in controversy. Logical reasoning, cogent argument, proofs bright as the mid-day sun, are not as weighty as a feather in the balance against "I say," "I know."

If there is a story or an anecdote related, *Ego* was there; he knew the parties; he was one of the principal persons. If the events happened before his day, then he often heard his father, who was present, relate the same story. Make a commonplace remark about the weather, *Ego* can remember when it was warmer or colder; he will not only tell you his own experience, but he will

bore you about what his grandmother experienced in her day. No experience is worth relating, no joke worth the telling, no truth fit teaching, except *Ego's*.

If the gentle sex is not misrepresented, it is said they too have their egotists, and rumor doth further say that one of them can hold a band of her sisters spell-bound for hours with a vivid description of her feelings and her ailments, the old-fogyism of "Pa," the strange notions of "Ma," the rudeness of her big brother and the impertinence of her little sister. Of this we are not sure. But we do know nice young men who dearly love themselves and take every opportunity to monopolize the conversation everywhere and on every subject, grave or gay, but above all on the subject that is ever uppermost in their minds—*themselves*.

This busy world was not made for the egotist, or the egotist was not made for it. He certainly was intended to live in some planet composed entirely of assenting mummies, to which could be attached some sort of machinery that would make them bow at every remark, look with amazement when he made a profound observation, smile a gentle smile at his innocent pun, go into ecstasies over his brilliant descriptions, laugh at his high sallies of wit, and shrink from his keen satire.

But in this world every person desires sufficient space in which he can spread himself, and so long as the egotist expects his neighbor to surrender this space, so long will his neighbors consider him contemptible and selfish, nay, even tyrannical, and tyrants will always be abhorred. Of all the ills abounding in this world of ills, save us, oh, save us, from the egotist! The first lesson of a vocal class, the voice of the prompter trying to give the bewildered actor his cue, the first failure of a youthful orator, a long "detention duty," a blunt refusal of a sleighride, the want of a smoke, anything or everything that can torture, but the impudence, conceit and insolence of the egotist!

Sono.

A YOUNGSTER who had been detected by his father in the act of stealing some fruit stored for winter consumption was angrily bidden to "go into the next room and prepare himself for a severe flogging." Having finished the work which he had in hand, the inexorable parent armed himself with a stout horsewhip, and went in search of the culprit, whom he found ornamented with a hump at which Quasimodo himself would have shuddered. "What on earth have you got on your back?" asked the wondering sire. "A leather apron," replied John, "three times doubled. You told me to prepare myself for a severe flogging, and I've done the best I could."

A YOUNG mamma, on the important occasion of making her little boy his first pair of trowsers, conceived the idea that it would be more economical to make them of the same dimensions behind and before, so that they might be changed about and wear evenly. Their effect, when donned by the little fellow, was very ridiculous. Papa, at first sight of the baggy garment, burst into a roar of laughter and exclaimed, "Oh, my dear, how could you have the heart to do it? Why the poor little fellow won't know whether he's going to school or coming home."

HOW TO CHOOSE A HUSBAND.—Never marry a man until you see him eat. Let the candidate for your hand, ladies, pass through the ordeal of eating soft-boiled eggs. If he can do it, and leave the table-cloth, the napkin, and his bosom unspotted—take him. Try him next with a spare-rib. If he accomplishes this feat without putting out one of his own eyes, or pitching the bones into your lap, name the wedding-day at once—he will do to tie to.

SAINT MARY'S ACADEMY.

ST. MARY'S ACADEMY, }
February 20, 1872. }

At the examination in the Musical Department the pupils gave evidence of such rapid advancement that St. Mary's may well feel proud of her Conservatory of Music.

The classes are so nicely graded, and instructions so thorough in each class, that a pupil, with even ordinary musical talent, who follows the regular course, is sure to acquire correctness and fluency of performance, while those who are more gifted may attain the power of mastering the classical compositions of the best composers.

Good music is the source of such elevating enjoyment that it becomes a duty for all interested in the education of youth to give them every facility for improving and refining their musical talents.

The excitement of the examination being over, the pupils have settled down to their ordinary routine. The success in their different classes has put the majority of the dear girls in a most hopeful frame of mind; some, indeed, are in a very good humor with themselves, and, as a consequence, with everybody else, while even the least ambitious have resolved never to be the last on the roll of honor. Therefore, our roll of honor will, in future, have to be written in circular form.

The late heavy fall of snow has given to the Juniors and Minims the intense satisfaction of using their sleds to great advantage. It is almost impossible for their teachers to withstand their generous offers of gratuitous sleighrides on little sleds, and if Prince Alexis calls at St. Mary's we commend him to the Junior and Minim Departments for big-souled generosity in the matter of sleighrides.

Respectfully,
STYLUS.

TABLE OF HONOR—SR. DEPT.

February 11th.—Misses K. Zell, A. Mast, M. Cochrane, A. Shea, A. Todd, K. Haymond, M. Lassen, K. Brown, B. Crowley, M. Lange, L. Duffield, I. Reynolds.

February 18th.—Misses V. Ball, N. Ball, A. Piatt, L. West, D. Greene, J. Millis, A. Woods, R. Spier, I. Logan, I. Wilder, R. Devoto, M. Prince.

HONORABLY MENTIONED.

Graduating Class—Misses M. Kirwan, M. Shirland, M. Dillon, L. Marshall, A. Clarke, A. Borup, J. Forbes, G. Hurst, H. Tinsley, K. McMahon.

Second Senior—Misses E. Plamondon, S. Ball, A. Piatt, L. West, D. Green, J. Millis, C. Woods, A. Woods, R. Spier, I. Logan, H. Tompkins, M. Donahue, E. Wilcox.

Third Senior—Misses A. Lloyd, I. Wilder, M. Prince, R. Devoto, M. Letourneau, S. Johnson, B. Reynolds, I. Edwards, M. Armsby, E. Culver, M. Leonard, J. Walker, A. Robson, M. Wicker, L. Ritchie, C. Davis, E. Paxon, E. Howell, E. Dickertoff.

First Preparatory—Misses A. Emonds, M. McIntyre, H. McMahon, A. St. Clair, L. Sutherland, A. Hambleton, N. Sullivan, F. Moore, A. McLaughlin, R. McIntyre, M. Goodbody, M. Kelly, N. Duggan, E. Greenleaf, M. Layfield, N. Ball, L. James.

Second Preparatory—Misses M. Mooney, H. McLaughlin, A. Conahan, M. West, M. Pinney, L. Eutzler, E. Brandenburg, E. Wade, B. Wade, M. Roberts, A. Hunt, B. Johnson.

Third Preparatory—Misses K. Miller, J. Hupp, L. Pfeiffer, E. Drake, B. Schmidt, C. Germain, J. Valdez, R. Manzanarez, N. Vigil, K. Greenleaf, M. McNellis, L. Pease.

First French—L. Marshall, J. Forbes, M. Kirwan, G. Hurst, R. Spier, M. Quan, A. Borup, N. Gross, H. Tinsley.

Second French—L. West, M. Cochrane, M. Letourneau, M. Wicker, M. Kearney, J. Kearney, K. Haymond.

First German—Misses K. Brown, K. Zell, L. Pfeiffer.

Second German—Misses M. Faxon, V. Ball, J. Millis.

Third French—Misses A. Todd, M. Lange, E. Culver.

Drawing—Misses E. Wilcox and M. Armsby, who have lately commenced, deserve to be honorably mentioned.

Graduating Class—Misses M. Kirwan, M. Shirland, M. Dillon, L. Marshall, A. Clarke, J. Forbes, A. Borup, G. Hurst, H. Tinsley, K. McMahon.

First Senior—Misses K. Zell, A. Mast, M. Cochrane, M. Lange, A. Shea, A. Todd, K. Haymond, M. Lassen, K. Brown, B. Crowley.

Second Senior—Misses L. Duffield, E. Plamondon, I. Reynolds, F. Butters, H. Tompkins, E. Wilcox, M. Donahue.

Third Senior—Misses A. Lloyd, M. Letourneau, S. Johnson, B. Reynolds, I. Edwards, M. Armsby, E. Culver, M. Leonard, A. Robson, M. Wicker, L. Ritchie, C. Davis, E. Paxon, E. Howell, E. Dickertoff.

First Preparatory—Misses A. Emonds, M. McIntyre, H. McMahon, A. St. Clair, L. Sutherland, A. Hambleton, N. Sullivan, F. Moore, A. McLaughlin, R. McIntyre, M. Goodbody, M. Kelly, N. Duggan, E. Greenleaf, M. Layfield, L. James.

Second Preparatory—Misses M. Mooney, H. McLaughlin, M. Pinney, F. Taylor, J. Luce, L. Eutzler, E. Brandenburg, E. Wade, B. Wade, M. Roberts, A. Hunt, B. Johnson.

Third Preparatory—Misses K. Miller, J. Hupp, L. Pfeiffer, E. Drake, B. Schmidt, C. Germain, L. Buehler, J. Valdez, R. Manzanarez, N. Vigil, K. Greenleaf, M. McNellis, L. Pease.

First French—Misses L. Marshall, J. Forbes, A. Borup, G. Hurst, H. Tinsley, M. Kirwan, M. Quan, N. Gross, A. Clarke.

Second French—Misses M. Cochrane, M. Letourneau, L. West, M. Kearney, J. Kearney, M. Wicker, K. Haymond, K. McMahon.

Third French—Misses A. Todd, M. Lange, E. Culver.

First German—Misses A. Clarke, B. Schmidt, K. Miller, M. Dillon.

Second German—Misses M. Faxon, V. Ball, N. Ball, R. Wile.

TABLE OF HONOR—JR. DEPT.

February 7th.—Misses M. Kearney, L. Niel, N. Gross, A. Clarke, M. Quan, J. Kearney, M. Cummings, A. Byrne, L. Tinsley, M. Quill, S. Honeyman, M. Hildreth, T. Cronin.

February 14th.—Misses J. Duffield, M. Faxon, A. Lynch, G. Kelly, F. Lloyd, E. Horgan, L. Harrison, L. Wood, A. Walsh, M. Summers, L. McKinnon.

HONORABLY MENTIONED.

Second Preparatory—Misses J. Duffield and M. Faxon.

Junior Preparatory—Misses A. Lynch, G. Kelly, F. Lloyd, E. Horgan, L. Harrison, L. Wood, A. Walsh, F. Munn, B. Quan.

First Junior—Misses K. Fullmer, A. Noel, A. Rose, E. Lappin.

Second Senior—Misses M. Kearney, L. Niel, N. Gross, A. Clarke.

Third Senior—Misses M. Quan, J. Kearney.

First Preparatory—Misses M. Walker, M. Cummings, A. Byrne, L. Tinsley, M. Quill, S. Honeyman.

"I THINK," said a farmer, "I would make a good Congressman, for I use their language. I received two bills the other day, with requests for immediate payment: the one I ordered to be laid on the table; the other to be read that day six months."

Anecdote of the Late Bishop McGill.

The *Catholic Propagator*, of New Orleans, relates the following of the late Bishop McGill:

"A party of five young gentlemen were spending the holidays at a small town in the beautiful and picturesque valley of the James. They were college-bred, educated and refined, but as ignorant of anything Catholic as they were sensitive to aught which could be construed into a bare suspicion of ill-breeding. Hearing that in the town there was then a Catholic Bishop, they concluded to add the inspection of that curious specimen of human archæology to their other Christmas frolics. They went,—presented their cards,—were admitted. Two hours afterwards a more chop-fallen set than they was never seen emerging from a State Prison. One of the party, from whom we have learned the incident, and with whom for a long time we have stood in relations of the most sacred intimacy, assured us that Bishop McGill's presence was so commanding, and yet his manners so gentle, that the one attracted and won, while the other would awe and overpower. Thus those who had come to criticize waited to listen, and listened to be instructed. In a twelve-month from that day those five young Virginians were exemplary Catholics, and must be now, if alive, praying for the soul of their best earthly benefactor. Reader, of thy charity, add thine own to their pious suffrages."

CAPTAIN BAKER argues that vultures see rather than smell, because he has known them to swoop a piece of red flannel, mistaking it for the carcass of an animal. When an animal is skinned, exposing the red surface, the vultures came much more promptly than while the skin was on.

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St. Louis and Springfield Lightning Express, via Main Line, and also via Jacksonville Division	4:00 p.m.	17:15 a.m.
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" " 12 22 p. m.	" " 11 00 a. m.
" " 9 40 p. m.	" " 2 00 p. m.
" " 12 35 a. m.	" " 5 30 p. m.

GOING WEST.	
Leave South Bend 5 05 p. m.	Arrive at Chicago 8 20 p. m.
" " 3 15 a. m.	" " 6 50 a. m.
" " 4 30 a. m.	" " 7 20 a. m.
" " 5 22 p. m.	" " 9 20 p. m.

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